

# Good Morning 772

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Your Letter said R.S.V.P. Habenston replies

THE first letter of the day comes from C.P.O. Tel. H. J. Mace, now on H.M.S. Wolfe, who writes to tell us just what he thinks of the paper.

After mentioning the puzzle corner and Bill Millier's sporting articles as being on the credit side, C.P.O. Mace writes: "In my opinion you have one contribution on the debit side, namely 'This England.' Lots of the places you boost up as places of beauty are nothing more or less than slums, and those cute and narrow cobbled streets, so what? They look nice, I agree, but of what use are they compared to modern roads? It is about time we went ahead with our re-construction of the country and stopped admiring the handiwork of our great-grandfathers."

Now, some time before the C.P.O.'s letter came along, we had decided to introduce a new series of photographs depicting "This New Britain," with pictures of modern roads and the new style of architecture.

While we are on this subject, I should just point out that the pictures we used in the "This England" series were chosen solely for their photographic quality. While the new buildings which will soon be going up will, no doubt, be structurally sounder, there is no denying that the old places have their picturesque qualities.

Thanks, Mr. Mace, for your suggestion, and also for the opinion that the credit side far outweighs the debit side. As you say, you have served enough copies out to know what you are talking about.

DURING the past two years a number of queer requests have come into this office, but even we, who expect anything, were visibly shaken the other day when we received a letter from E. A. Harris on behalf of the crew of Sanguine.

Rather than keep anyone in suspense I will explain that what Mr. Harris asked us for was nothing, more or less than a stuffed tiger.

The effigy is wanted as a mascot to illustrate the boat's signature tune, "Hold That Tiger."

Now I don't know what size animal you were wanting Mr. Harris, but let us know a little more exactly.

FOR Ken Cutsforth on H.M.S. Adamant we will willingly call round to get a photograph of Miss Marjorie Short, especially as she lives at the "Duke of Wellington," Bethnal Green.

Ken suggests that we have one on him while we are there, or two if we can manage them. Don't worry Ken, after mixing with submariners for a good many months now, we should be able to manage a couple.

FOR Ron Kinnear on board Spurr, some pin-ups are in the post. Sorry we haven't got any coloured pictures of

film stars, but I think you will agree that Rita Hayworth and the rest look just as good in black and white.

Even if they don't they will still fill those odd spaces in the fore-ends.

Ron Richards has asked me to send his thanks for the kind remarks about his wedding, but he didn't seem to believe it when I told him that you said a prayer for him every night. I can't think why; the guy must be a cynic.

HARD words about the mail service around India are included in a letter from leading Tel. W. C. Stampton which also says that he is just recovering from an attack of malaria.

Stamps assures me that he is still very much a submarine Johnny, and that he is hoping to be back in service very soon.

It's tough luck about that malaria, so here's hoping you'll be up and about again by the time this reaches you.

I like your remark that life would have been dull indeed without the daily ration of Jane. She has certainly done her bit to keep up the morale on the Home Front, too, during the years of war.

"DEAR Serf (or Madman)" starts a letter from one Stoker Megson, of Scythian, who goes on to say that he has been a regular reader of "Good Morning" for the past four years.

Now as we have only recently published our second anniversary number. I think the Stoker must be out somewhere in his calculation.

It seems that the Stoker had had something of an accident with a bottle of ink, and a photograph of Unruffled's crew which we sent him some eighteen months ago, got rather the worst of it.

I'm sorry, but once again that old, old matter of the shortage of photographic material crops up, and until more is available, he will have to cherish his ink-stained features.

In the same letter comes a criticism of the quiz. Says Mr. Megson: "In four years I have only been able to answer two questions."

Now I could quote to the Stoker from other letters which have stated that our quiz is always too easy. As far as we can see, the quiz strikes a pretty happy medium as it is, so we will leave well alone.

A LETTER from Stoker Pincher Martin contains an account of a shark fishing expedition by the boys of the Clyde.

At the time of writing everything had been caught but a shark, says Pincher.

According to him it's good sport, and he suggests I try it some time. Well, maybe. As long as the sharks leave me alone I am content to let them go their own way.

## WHAT GUESS

IT was Tommy Farr who brought the Empire title back to Wales.

After Jack Petersen was defeated by Ben Foord, of South Africa, it was obvious to some that Tommy must have a go at Foord. He had the go on March 15th, 1937, at Harringay.

CANDIDLY it wasn't a fight that was up to the usual standard; but you can't blame Farr for that.

Foord was holding the title of heavy-weight champion of Britain and the Empire; and Max Baer, who was at the ring-side, seemed more amused than impressed at the show.

He was more impressed than amused when he met Farr the following month.

What went wrong with Foord in this bout it would be hard to say. For that matter some of Tommy Farr's supporters were disappointed at his performance too. There was far too much holding throughout the rounds; but then is there not always the smart-Aleck inquest on every fight?

Let it go at that. When they met in the ring Foord strolled across and held out his hand, saying pertly, "Hello, Farr." That was all. And Farr, sizing up his man, didn't answer much either; but he was scowling a bit when the gong went. Maybe something was on his mind. Maybe not.

Anyway, when the gong clanged for the battle to begin there was the old (or young) Tommy Farr boring his way in as usual right on the dot. Foord swung time and again with his left; and time and again he missed—and inside went Farr pummelling at Foord's ribs.

In that first round most of Foord's blows skidded off the top of Farr's head; but he did get a whacker in and down went Tommy to the canvas. It was not the result of the blow exactly that brought him down. It was more of a slip. He was up in less than a second and at it again.

It seemed to those who watched that exhibition that Foord made a bad mistake in discarding his straight left, the one punch he should have used against a man who was trying all the time to get inside. He did land one or two clips to the jaw, but these did not hold Farr back at all.

The truth was that Foord was wild in his punches. He left himself as wide open as a barn door, and he committed some very elementary blunders. One, for instance, was leading with his right. The Welshman took the chance and, even as he retreated, boxed and scored freely.

Why, once—in the third round I think it was—Foord missed a wild swing by about two feet—and ran into a smart punch on the jaw for his pains. That punch rocked him where he stood. He shook his head and looked a bit dazed for a second or so. Now was Farr's chance to do his stuff. For some reason he let the opportunity pass.

It was ding-dong for round after round. Farr was magnificently trained for that fight. His defence was always better than Foord's attack, but he employed his famous right fewer times than he might have done.

As for the South African, it can only be said that he was very disappointing. Maybe his condition was not what it should have been, but his endurance was not up to expectation either. It was in the seventh round that Tommy Farr took matters into his hands and tried to settle the business.

He feinted with his left and hooked a right that was the punch of the fight. Foord never landed one like it, and neither did Farr, for that matter, in that scrap. It shook Foord to the soles of his feet. It went bang right into Foord's face and seemed to linger there, with all the weight of Farr behind it.

So killing was that punch that Foord's legs actually trembled under him. If only Farr had followed that punch with another he would have had his man down and probably out for the count. But Tommy didn't follow it up.

In the eighth round, however, he had Foord down for a count of three, but in the ninth both men slowed up. In the

★=====★

**LARRY MARKS**  
"Good Morning" ace sports writer  
continues the thrilling, romantic,  
and brave  
story of

Tommy Farr.

★=====★

tenth round it was Foord who was doing the chasing. He slapped some good ones at the Welshman's head and body, and the latter bounced off the ropes and jabbed away with his left till he was on surer ground.

About this time Foord made a gallant attempt at recovery, and continued to do so for the remainder of the battle. But the impression was very definite that for the first part Farr had him guessing. Farr was much more sure-footed, and the champion was often bewildered and astonished at his opponent's tactics.

Even if the fight was unsatisfactory from the point of view of scientific display it was evident that Farr was an arch-boxer, and that he could be a smart one when he liked. By combining these two qualities

his opponent look clumsy and unprepared.

It was no use for Foord to come tearing in towards the tenth round, and the eleventh round, which was better for him than the tenth. He had lost his grip of the battle, his generalship was at fault, his tactics went all awry. And all the time Tommy Farr was jabbing away, scoring, watching, watching for the swings and the punches that went wide.

There was little that was exciting about the fight. There were no knock-downs. There were no thrills except a minor one when Foord slipped awkwardly. The crowd who attended the display had expected the wonder punch of Foord to settle matters. He had shown his punch when he had beat Petersen. But in this battle with Farr he looked little better than a novice.

That is how it went until the final gong sounded, and the referee held Tommy Farr's arm high as a sign of victory. Whereupon Tommy did a kind of war dance while the cameras snapped and the lights flared.

For that fight Foord got £2,000, and Farr got £750, and earned it. It was the downfall of Ben Foord.

Let me mention a peculiar fact that was noticed during this fight. Max Baer, over from America, was having a look-see. He sat all the time where he could get a perfect view; and much of the time he employed in chatting to those who sat beside him! Perhaps he thought that if this was the Tommy Farr he was expected to meet he had nothing to worry about.

Indeed, some critics went all wrong again in their forecasts of Farr's next fight. One of them wrote: "I am glad I am not Farr with Baer as my next



he had Foord beaten. Nothing that Foord could do in the finishing rounds could eliminate the failure of the opening ones.

It was a battle between a man who had a punch, but who was never allowed to use it, and a boxer who notched points by bursts of straight hitting that made

opponent. He can do more clowning than ever he permitted himself in America and still run away with the verdict."

So that was that. It seemed to set the seal of failure on Tommy Farr, didn't it?

I often wonder where all these "experts" get their hunches. Farr had just won the title of British heavy-weight champion and also that of champion of the British Em-

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Trust 99 to look his best when expecting a lady visitor!"

pire. With that went the right to meet Baer.

If Farr had had nothing else to show, his career was already a romance of the boxing ring. But he had something else to show, and he showed it when he met Max Baer a few weeks later.

For the truth is that Tommy Farr always had something in reserve, and that was his indomitable spirit and pluck, but the critics didn't know that then.

(Another article in No. 774)

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## All for a few fish

I ALWAYS seem to be reading about the wads of money people are making from the things I haven't got.

Take fishing. The other day a firm of estate agents sold a stretch of the River Test, a mere one and a half miles of fishing water, for £12,250—a matter of £10s. 11½d. a foot.

You may think that's expensive for a bit of rod-and-line work now and again, but it doesn't work out so badly for the purchaser if he wants to let it out instead of enjoying a quiet fish himself. They reckon that one mile of good fishing water can bring in about £3,000 a year to the owner from the people he lets it out to—probably people whose wives have got fed-up with queueing-up at the local fishmonger's.

In 1942, £16,500 was paid for a two-mile stretch of waterway where, apparently, the fish just leap at the hook, and in 1938 one and a quarter miles of the Test went for £10,000.

The only time I invested money in river fishing was when I paid five bob for being allowed to dangle a hook and worm in the New River, in North London.

And even that was expensive enough. Two perch and a roach were my net profits. I do not count all the times I paid five or ten shillings to let old fishermen at the seaside be allowed to row them out about a mile, and after doing the line work for a bit, to be allowed to present them with the fish—which they said was customary.

D. N. K. B.







Wangling Words No. 710

- 1. Behead a stove and get a speed.
- 2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: even-peciofhoorexit.
- 3. How many numbers less than 100 can you think of which can be spelt out in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines? (Roman figures not allowed).
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order. He followed — with the Pixley Hunt on an — horse.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 709

- 1. C-ORE.
- 2. Please pepper my potato pie.
- 3. FLAKE.
- 4. Mahogany, Hogmanay.

JANE

Plain and Unvarnished

(Continued from Page 2)

should like to talk to you about the trees and the alambique. We can talk best alone. The boys can see us here in the clearing."

"I shall be at my hut all the evening, Balata Bludsoe."

The hunter touched his hat, and was moving away when the padre called his name: but the old hunter did not answer.

He went back to his hut and began to make preparations for a forest journey. He sharpened his machete, overhauled his boots and kit, and spread his pack to dry. Then he cooked his supper, and lay down to sleep.

It was dawn when he awoke. Down by the river he heard the shouts of the peons, and as he looked out across the clearing he saw the reason. Jose Gregorio had returned with his alambique.

All the men went down to the river to aid in the bringing in of Jose," said Balata Bludsoe. "But

the alambique. It was lifted do you remember what the new reverently from the large canoe padre said?"

and carried up to the shed of Gregorio's store.

"That he would smash my alambique? Yes, but when he sees that the rum does no harm he will repent, Balata. It has cost me others sang verses in honour of the infinite trouble to get this alambique. They installed the still bique. But for the sake of the in a corner of the shed, and when camp and the saints, it was worth old Bludsoe went over to look at it."

Balata knew what was meant by Gregorio's words. For more than three weeks the still had been on the way from far down the Orinoco.

Jose intended to show the camp how good rum was made. He sent a peon to fetch the waste molasses which he kept in the troughs covered by roofs of clay.

The peon hastened off to bring the waste molasses; but he was not gone long before he returned at top speed, waving his arms and shouting in wild dismay.

"Jose Gregorio! Jose Gregorio! The troughs are open, and the molasses are sour and

covered with insects! Jose Gregorio, someone has uncovered the troughs!"

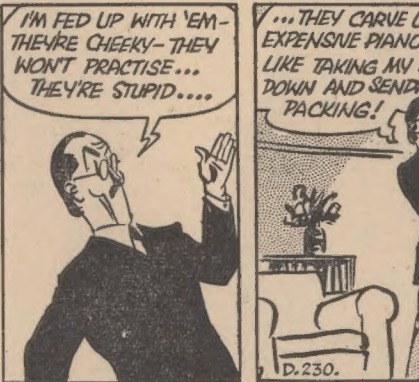
(To be continued.)



"Maybe all the little chickens do go to bed at sunset, Ma; but doesn't the old hen always go with em, too?"



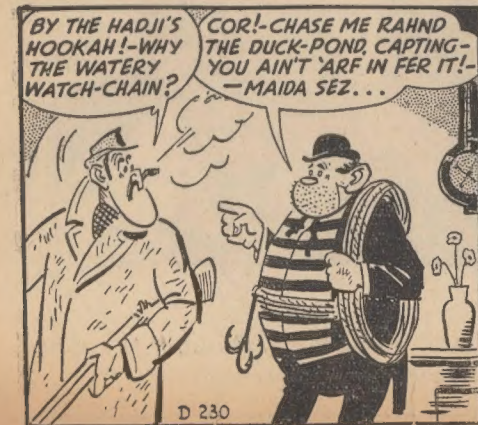
RUUGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

WHEN Mr. Leonard Hunt was a schoolboy someone gave him a drum. It's the kind of thing thoughtless uncles and aunts are liable to do. Usually parents stick the noise until they can do so no longer.

Then father sticks his foot through it (accidentally), and pacifies the tearful lad with a nice book or snakes and ladders.

But somehow, young Leonard got away with it, and the worst has happened. He's been beating a drum (on and off) for the past twenty years. What's more, he's provided the drums for thousands of other people to beat, for he has a shop off Archer Street, Soho, where he turns out drums and drumsticks by the dozen.

The B.B.C., the Royal Horse Guards, and many other regiments get their drumming apparatus from Mr. Hunt. That's his job, and he likes it.

But he has hobbies, too. They are playing drums and repairing drums and thinking up new ideas for drums.

Drum sticks, which last, on an average, three months, can be turned out at the rate of one a minute. Drums take a bit longer.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. HARRY GRIFFITHS, Australian airman, opened the R.A.A.F.'s war on the Japs by firing the first shot against them in Malaya. Nobody knew, then, how long the Pacific war would last.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

FINCH	BOOTS
EMU	AXE
LET	APRON
CADGE	T.S.
GLOVE	P
SUET	AMENDS
S	UPPER
O	WATTLE
TINT	A
WOULD	D
W	SWARM
APACE	TAN
EBB	HUE
EDGAR	SWORD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
13				14		15		
		16			17		18	19
20	21			22		23		
			24					
25	26					27		28
29				30		31		
		32		33		34		35
36	37			38		39		
40				41				

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Not general. 7 Tennis shot. 10 Have on. 11 Lethargic. 13 Burning. 15 Pearl. 16 Pitcher. 18 Indent. 20 Nothing. 22 Rovers. 24 Be capitious. 25 Feeds choicely. 27 Collection. 29 Neglect. 30 Others. 32 Limb. 34 Loop. 36 Lovely child. 39 Fluff. 40 Pronoun. 41 Furry animals.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Suitor. 2 Through. 3 Picture support. 4 Bird. 5 Because. 6 Pull. 7 Restrict. 8 Supported by. 9 English county. 12 Punishable. 14 Indian State. 17 Tees. 19 Give up. 21 Detail. 23 Stood up. 24 Purvey food. 25 Fish. 26 Boy's name. 27 Pilfered. 29 Woody plants. 31 Low-toned. 33 Stick. 35 Luminary. 37 A cry. 38 Scholar.



Good  
Morning



**BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.**

The gal posing so alluringly against the wheel of the covered wagon is strawberry blonde Vivian Blaine. We could add something about "the wheel of the wagon is broken, it ain't going to turn no more"—but we won't. On account of because we like strawberry blondes.